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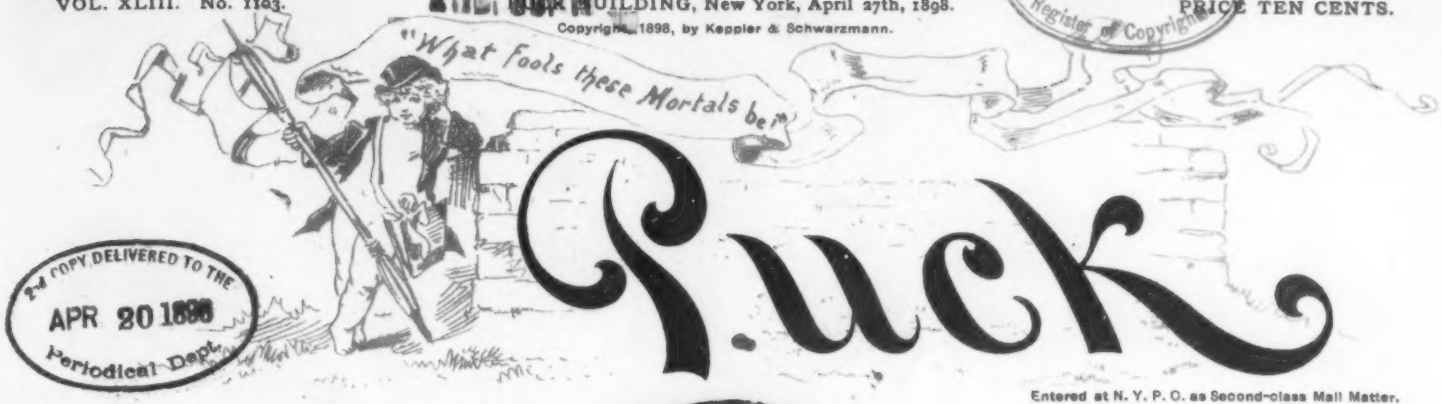

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THE SPHINX OF THE PERIOD.

AN UNKNOWN QUANTITY IN MODERN WARFARE.

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NOT SINCERE.

WHEELER.—What do you think of him?
VAN BYKE.—Oh! he is double-faced. He is all things to all men.
WHEELER.—What makes you think so?
VAN BYKE.—Why, the other day I showed him a new wheel I had bought. It was a different make from his, and yet he praised mine and said it was one of the best in the market.

TOO INTERMITTENT.

Her smiles in truth my sunshine are,
But what keeps me repining
Is that I can't devise a way
To keep my sunshine shining.

A PROGRESSIVE TOWN.

"To what extent have you developed the natural resources of your town?" asked an Eastern speculator of a resident of Mudville, S. D.

"Stranger," he replied, impressively, "we 're only six months old, but we 've got a bigger park already than Greater New York!

BETTER BE right than be Vice-President.

FOOLS MAY rush in where angels fear to tread, but they don't always succeed in rushing out.

SOME FOLKS acquire knowledge for the sake of knowing it, and some for the sake of telling it.

PATRIOTIC PREFERENCES.

HIS WIFE.—They must be very patriotic in Wall Street.
THE FARMER.—I suppose so.
HIS WIFE.—Oh, yes, indeed! Here 's a report with a whole lot in it about "American Sugar preferred," and "American Tobacco preferred."

IN THE INTERIOR.

FIRST CITIZEN.—Is our Congressman goin' to do anything for the farmer?
SECOND CITIZEN.—He tole me he wuz goin' to introduce a bill to stop the importation of French fried potatos.

LIGHT ON THE MYSTERY.

THE VICTIM.—Just then, one burglar stumbled and made a great noise, and the other one said, "Say! you 're a farmer!—"
THE DETECTIVE.—Aha! a clue!

THE VIRGINIA people, who are trying to suppress flirting, should take counsel of the Hindoo law. The Orientals resort to no temporary expedient, but go at once to the root of the matter and suppress girls.

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ANOTHER REBUFF.

THE TRAMP.—Beg pardon, sir. I 'm a stranger in dese parts—
THE FARMER.—Well, I dunno of anybody that wants to git acquainted with ye.

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A REMEDY.

MRS. HIRAM DALY.—Have you any encumbrances?

APPLICANT.—Oi hov wan, Mum; but we intind to git married nixt mont', and thin he 'll be no more throuble to me.

HIS UNENVIABLE STATUS.

DRUMMER.—What is the occasion for this procession which is just passing—a picnic in the woods, or something of the kind?

LANDLORD RURALVILLE TAVERN.—No; them 's the folks returnin' from Ezry Flint's funeral.

DRUMMER.—But, Great Scott! They are all smiling as if they were greatly pleased about something.

LANDLORD RURALVILLE TAVERN.—I guess that 's about the size of it. You see, Ezry was one of them well-meanin' demons who faithfully keep a diary year after year, and always feel in duty bound to pull out their little books and disprove every statement and reminiscence that is got off in their presence. Such a man may possibly be respected, but he can't be loved to any great extent.

AN ESSAY ON LOVE.

How openly and frankly and freely people will love when they are old and past the age of loving and can't love; and how shyly and reluctantly and doubtfully they love when they are young and of the age to love, and can't help but love.

CLARA.—Mrs. Hustle does n't seem to insist very strongly that her daughter's match with Lord De Liverus was a love match.

MAY.—No; if she did, people would not give her credit for having made it.

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NO WONDER.

YALLERBY.—Yes, sah; we kep' on raisin' an' raisin', an in de showdown he held fo' aces.

MOKEBY.—Wha' did yo' hold?

YALLERBY.—Mah breff!

APPARENTLY QUALIFIED.

"I should think some of the detectives would make good North Pole explorers."

"Why?"

"They are used to looking for what they can't find."

A TOO HASTY CONCLUSION.

WEARY WILLIAM.—Wot 's socialism, Count?

COUNT DE TIES.—Why, it means dat everybody will have ter coöperate wit' yer!

WEARY WILLIAM.—Why, say! dat 'd be a snap.

COUNT DE TIES.—Humph! It also means dat ye 'll have ter coöperate wit' odder folks.

WEARY WILLIAM.—Oh! Two sides ter de question, den.

STILLED TEMPEST.

Now the Tempest was upon them.

"This is so sudden!" cried the maiden upon the deck of the laboring vessel.

"Great Eolus!" shrieked the Wind. "She thinks I 'm proposing to her."

A moment later, and the sea was calm.

HALF THE world does n't know how the other half lives; but if it could be convinced that such knowledge was none of its business, it would try mighty hard to find out.

A POLITICAL JOB is one where you have to do the greater part of your work before you get it.

HIS WARNING.

"GRAN'PA," began old Grandfather Grout's youthful relative, holding back a giggle of anticipated glee; "say 'A noisy noise annoys an oyster,' over four times, as fast as—"

"There! That will do you, Charles Augustus!" interrupted the veteran, sharply. "Just stop right where you are! If you have n't got any more respect for older people than to come around trying to ketch 'em with that kind of a tongue-twister, stop it for your own sake, before the habit gets so firmly fixed on you that you can't shake it off!"

"Why, Gran'pa," replied the lad, in surprise, "there is n't any harm in that, is there?"

"Harm!" repeated the old codger, sternly. "Is there any harm in tippling rum or bibbing wine? Well, this is another kind of a bad habit that is just as liable to grow on you till it completely overmasters you and can't be shaken off! Once there was a boy who thought it was smart to be getting off word-traps and puns and ketches. He knew all of 'em, like the one about 'Theophilus Sizzle, the thistle-sifter,' and 'The cat ran up the ladder with a raw lump of liver in her mouth,' and so on. He advanced from ketches to puns and from that he went on, as he grew older, to telling stove-pipe, mother-in-law and billy-goat jokes; and when people asked, as people will, seeing a funeral passing by, 'Why, is Smith dead?' he would answer with a titter, 'Oh, no! Smith is merely riding in the hearse for the fun of the thing!' Where do you suppose that boy is now, Charles Augustus?"

"He—he now stands before us," involuntarily replied the lad, recalling the familiar answer to a familiar question.

"No, he don't!" thundered the old man, thumping his staff on the floor. "He don't do any such a dratted thing! He kept right on in the downward course when he became a man, and soon he got so that nobody ever took him seriously. When he groaned with the toothache everybody thought he was doing it for fun, and when he talked in prayer-meeting they giggled; when he sent for the doctor in the middle of the night the physician suspected a practical joke, and let him suffer; when he ran for office the public regarded his candidacy as a huge sell, and elected the other fellow. He tried to get into honest business several times, but always failed because nobody would employ him. Nobody would have him around in any capacity on account of his reputation for trifling, and, finally, he was forced to go to writing foolishness in order to live. He wasted so much of his time studying up jokes that he never gave his natural sense exercise enough to keep it in working order, and by-and-by he married a designing widow with three grown daughters. And now he is toiling and slaving, grinding out jokes for the comic papers, and trying, on a muskrat salary, to gratify the sealskin tastes of three extravagant women. That 's where that boy is to-day, Charles Augustus!"

Tom P. Morgan.

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UNNECESSARY ADVICE.

"You may go," said the Magistrate; "and I advise you, in future, not to threaten your wife."

The individual, who had his head in bandages and his arm in a sling, turned away sullenly.

"An' he gits ten t'ousand a year fer sayin' t ings like dat!"

SOME PEOPLE seem to think they can make a distinguished name for themselves by the use of a hyphen.

THE ABSENT-MINDEDNESS OF MR. COMMUTER.

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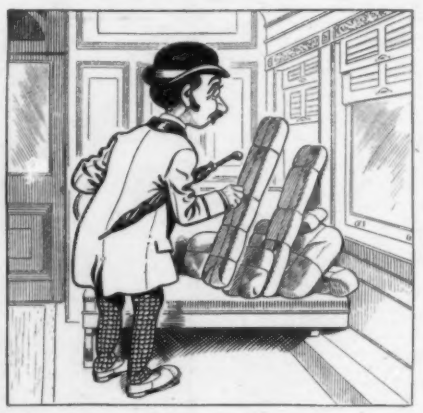
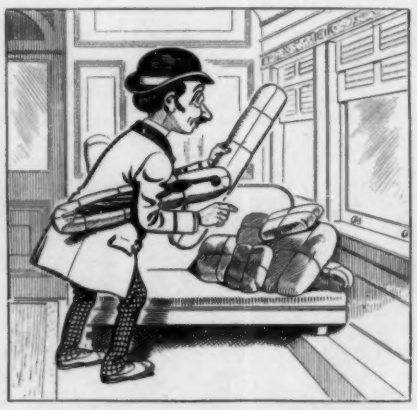
I.
COMMUTER *(as the train nears his station).* — We are getting near home. I guess I had better be getting my packages together.



II.
"Now, let me see that I have them all. Here is that dress goods for Mary.



III.
"And here is that muslin. So far, so good.

IV.
"And here is the coffee and the cheese.

V.
"Ah! Lonesomehurst! Just ready in time!

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IN THE NURSERY.

MOTHER.—What is all this noise about?

BESSIE.—We 're playing house, and Tommy and Willy both wants to be Janitor.

HOW PEOPLE DO.

THERE ARE some people who do as they see others do, and these are worthy people. They may be studied by philosophers as ants and bees are studied, for the pure, intellectual joy of discovering what first set them going in their unthinking ways.

In their lighter moods these people determine what shall be *en règle*. On occasion they determine, with the fixity and sublimity of fate, what shall be *de rigueur*. By their combined action they give world-wide renown to certain tailors, brewers, historical, *quovadis* novelists and such like rude "mechanicals." They make their own choice of the last class of celebrity, but the process by which they arrive at a selection is not yet understood by naturalists. After a hundred years they will, by the strict process of imitation, give fame to a good poet, and sacrifice money in the mystic rite of buying copies of his works.

These people establish certain odds and ends of knowledge as constituting the proper "classical" curriculum for colleges. They determine what are Virtues, and what are Vices. This is easy for them. They determine what Happiness is. They determine Happiness, if moderate, to lie in a carriage; if extreme, in the possession of a million dollars; if glorious, in the possession of the approval, admiration and homage of themselves.

Such are the people who do as they see others do.

There is a second class of people who do as they see others do not do. These are also a worthy people. It may be said of them that they never make a mistake.

There are other people who think what is best to do. Would that they had their deserts, and could find out!

The whole world consists of these three classes. The first class is coerced by Nature, which slowly drives them into wiser ways.

The second class are empirics — they care naught for Nature's laws — they have a sure thing.

The third class are those who seek to keep close to Nature. This is the best way. Not that Nature is kind and loving, but that Nature is like a mule, and when she kicks, the closer you are to her the less you are hurt.

W. F.

AN IMPORTANT POINT.

ISAACS.—In der olden times, ven beeple vanted to find oudt t'ings, dey consulded der oragles.

COHEN.—How mooch did dem oragles scharge?

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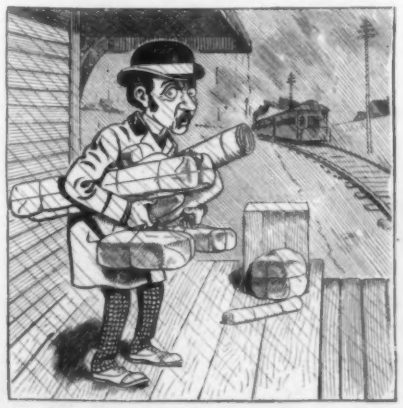
WHAT WE ARE COMING TO.

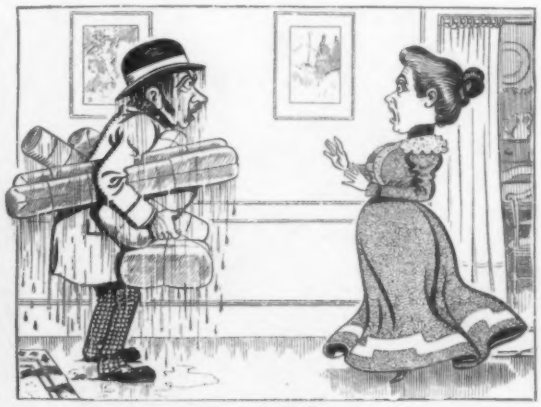
THE TYPEWRITER.—Beg pardon! Did you say "My learned *sister* is mistaken —?"

THE LAWYER.—Yes; Miss Bigfee is the opposing counsel in this case.



VI.

"Great Scott! How it is raining! Where is my umbrella? I certainly brought it from the office! By Jingo! I bet I left it in some one of those stores when I was making these purchases! Confound it all! Now I 'll have to walk a mile home in all this pour."



VII.

MRS. COMMUTER.—For the land's sake, Stockton! You look like a drowned rat! Where is your umbrella? You took it to town this morning!

MR. COMMUTER.—Yes; confound it all! I must have left it in some store! I missed it just as soon as I got off the train! These are my best Sunday clothes, too!

VIII.

MRS. COMMUTER (*as* COMMUTER *drops the packages*).—Stockton Commuter, you are losing your head! Living out here in this solitude is weakening your brain! *There* is your umbrella, among your packages! Talk about second childhood! Bah!

THE CENTURY RIDER.

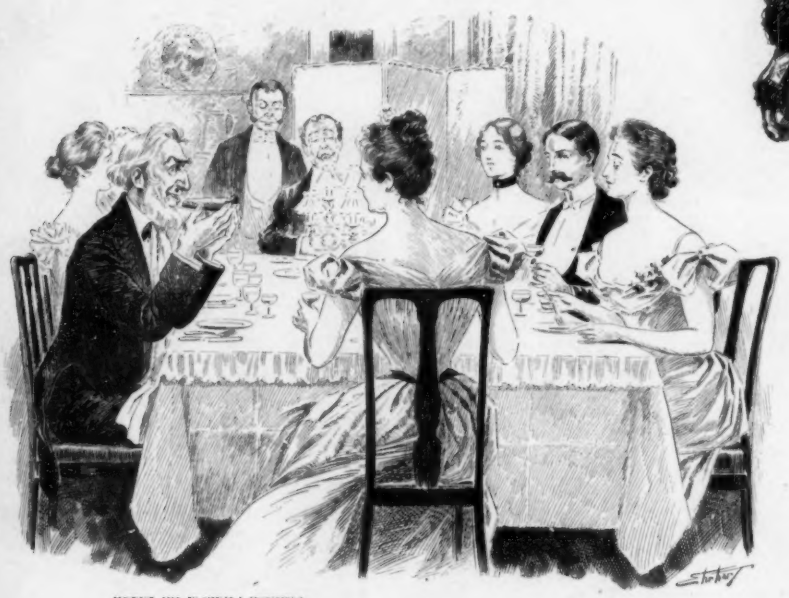
WHEN MABEL mounts her shining wheel
And pedals down the street,
The breezes, saucy rogues, reveal
Her ankles, trim and neat.
The roseleaf flushes in her cheeks,
The little curls escape her cap,
The bicycle is leagued with her
Our senses to entrap.

When Mabel mounts her shining wheel
Dan Cupid sits before,
And you and I his arrows feel,
And other men, a score.
A punctured tire arrests her course,
To aid her gallants rush, I vow —
But punctured hearts, for all of her
Must mend themselves, I trow.

When Mabel mounts her shining wheel,
And through the park doth glide,
It chances oft, on steed of steel
I 'm spinning by her side.
With Mabel 't is my hope to make
A century, I will aver —
Not miles alone; I fain would ride
A hundred years with her.

Edwin L. Sabin.

MANY A young man who has entered on a career has been glad soon afterward to get a steady job.



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A SUGGESTION ADOPTED.

I.

CITY COUSIN *(in a whisper)*.— Cousin Jacob, in polite society we always eat pie with a fork.

A RESPONSIVE CHORD.

FIRST OFFICE-SEEKER.— Reading a novel?
SECOND OFFICE-SEEKER.— Yes; I was attracted by the title, "Put Yourself In His Place."

THE BRUTE!

WIFE.— I bought a dream book, to-day.
HUSBAND.—You used to call them "cook books."

THE WOULD-BE TOUGH.

FIRST ANGEL.—Who is that dejected soul over there?
SECOND ANGEL.— Oh! he was one of the jeunesse dorée, and he 's terribly humiliated at being let in without question.

RELIGION WITH some people seems to be every church for itself, and devil takes the hindmost.

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A THEORY.

SHE.— Poor fellow! He looks so perplexed since we had him clipped.
HE.— I suppose he 's wondering why somebody does n't come along and finish the job.

AN INCIDENT.

"Ha!" she exclaimed.
The mask was torn from the face of the man she had loved.
But he did n't get the ball down to second base quite quickly enough.
"Crockery arm!" she shrieked, from the grand stand, and bought peanuts convulsively.

II.

COUNTRY COUSIN *(loudly)*.—Well, just as you say, Cousin Mame; but it 's mighty inconvenient, *I* think!

PUCK.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

A STUDY OF YELLOWISM.

THERE has been more than enough ink shed in the abuse of yellow journalism. PUCK wishes to shed a little in its praise. Science teaches us that everything which is has a purpose, and it needs only an ordinarily fair mind to see that yellow journalism has and serves a very useful purpose. For the sake of demonstration we will take the issue of April 7th of the New York *Journal*. There are other newspapers whose ideal is quite as yellow as the *Journal's;* but none of them, we think, exploits the various phenomena of moral inversion quite so ably. The issue named is not above the *Journal's* standard; but it contains an exposition of the aim and ethics of yellowness, and is thus especially fit. In an article entitled "By Alfred Henry Lewis" we find the following bits:

What in fairness, is the *Journal?*

It is a well of truth. Its atmosphere is as moral as the cloister. It is not sensational. Stop where you are! Don't talk! Proffer your evidence and prove your case. * * * Thus does one note that "yellow journalism" is the word which the painted courtesan bestows upon virtue, Cowardice upon Courage, Slavery upon Freedom, the Wicked upon the Good.

* * *

Now let us reverently penetrate the cloister and hear Virtue, Courage, Freedom and Good putting Vice, Cowardice, Slavery and the Wicked to shame. Here, first, are some further words from "By Alfred Henry Lewis." It is not a title that brings understanding to the mind, but it plainly is meant to import authority to that which it crowns:

NOTICE TO RASCALS.

We are very much engrossed with our duty to flog Spain. This enterprise of stern justice is hampered by a coward in the White House into whom we are trying to cuff a bit of spirit and kindle, by earnest kicking, some heat of decent, manly patriotism. * * * McKinley talks sobbingly of the horrors of war as a reason for his conduct of a craven. * * * But, after all, is there anything worth honest, manly notice in McKinley's "horrors of war" argument? * * * It is to be hoped that we can begin to drub Spain and spend the billion dollars incident thereunto within a week, and Congress is earnestly advised against permitting any horror-howling on McKinley's part to intrude itself upon this programme to shed Spanish blood.

It might now be thought that the ideal of yellowness had been achieved in showing up the President of the United States as a contemptible coward. But not so. He is further shown to be a scoundrel who has acted throughout the Cuban affair dishonestly, who has used his high office to manipulate the stock-market, who has played upon the sympathies of his countrymen solely with a view to filling his pockets and the pockets of his friends. Here are some headlines, reduced in size one-fiftieth, that disclose the infamy of which the *Journal* has found him guilty:

BUZZARDS FEAST ON THE COWARDICE OF THE WHITE HOUSE.

MARKET RIGGERS TAKE ANOTHER TRICK — MCKINLEY'S "DELAYED" MESSAGE ENABLES THEM TO SEND PRICES KITING.

MORE OF MCKINLEY'S DUPLICITY — THE TRICK AT THE WHITE HOUSE — CONGRESS STRICKEN WITH SHAME.

The text under these headlines is more specific as to the criminal charges against the President:

It is the sad duty of the *Journal* to announce to the people of the United States that their President, William McKinley, has deliberately tricked Congress and the Country. * * * Failing in their efforts to coerce Cuban patriots and utterly careless of the starving Cubans and the massacre of the American sailors, the President and his Wall Street advisers are now preparing to act with Spain to force autonomy on Cuba. * * * The plan includes a large issue of bonds, probably at least $100,000,000, which will be handled by the Wall Street Cabinet at the price of a large commission. * * * McKinley and his Wall Street Cabinet are ready to surrender every particle of national honor and dignity.

It is interesting to note that yellow eyes can see two ways, as shown by these two remarks, printed the same day:

Yarn about 2,000 Americans in danger absurd, and ugly "Boodle" rumors are heard in Washington.

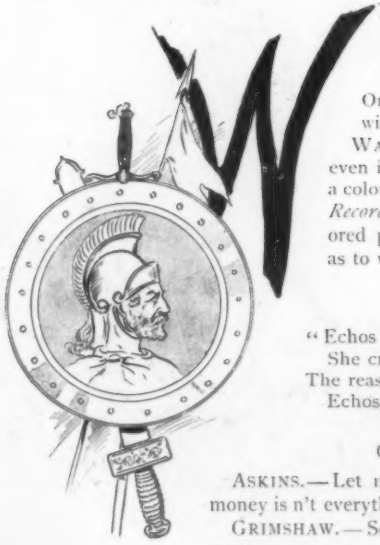
KEY WEST, Fla., April 7th. — Contempt for McKinley is freely expressed here by naval officers and others, in discussing the situation in Havana. The Spanish Volunteers may break into riot in any minute, and there is absolutely no means of checking their bloodthirstiness when it once begins to assert itself.

After asserting in firm, manly tones that we should not have resented Senor Dupuy de Lome's remarks about our President, and that we now owe him an apology, Virtue hurls one last word at Vice, thereby betraying a big grief, nobly repressed for the public good:

We merely say to Republicans: You elected him; he is your work. God forgive you!

Who will now say that yellow journalism has no mission? Of course we put no faith in its assertions that President McKinley is betraying his country for money. We would almost as soon give credence to those utterly absurd rumors that the proprietor of the *Journal* is far on the wrong side of the stock market and is trying to recover by bringing about a war to send down prices. But the service it renders is in demonstrating how few yellow people there are. It helps the true decent sentiment of the people to congeal at times like this. The yellower it becomes the more decent it makes decent people feel. The *Journal* declares itself to be "An American paper for American people." It is. It admirably fills the humble but necessary office of scavenger.

OR SIMPLY RUN A "CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT."



WARWICK.—Our government is a little too conservative. It has n't enough push and hustle.

WICKWIRE.—Why do you think so? On account of its slowness in its dealings with Spain?

WARWICK. — No; but it strikes me that even if it did n't feel justified in getting out a colored supplement with the *Congressional Record*, it might, at least, give away a colored picture or institute a guessing contest as to what Congress would do.

LOGICAL.

"Echos my heart to your sweet words,"
She cried. Said he: "I follow.
The reason 's plain. Your echoing heart
Echos, because it 's hollow."

QUITE LIKELY.

ASKINS.—Let me see! Who was it that said that money is n't everything?

GRIMSHAW.—Some poor fellow who had none, I presume.

BLOOD WILL tell, though it does sometimes neglect to speak when it passes a poor relation.

MANY A man who thinks he is not appreciated is really disappointed because he is not over-estimated.

THE HIGHEST compliment one woman ever pays another is to say that she is "well-preserved."

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HER PREROGATIVE.

MRS. JONSING.—Yo' done say mah husband could n't call his soul his own?

MRS. BLACK.—Wal, it was jest like dis—

MRS. JONSING.—I doan' keer how 't was! I doan' 'low no woman to say dat 'cept mahself!

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IT 'S GOT TO BE SOONER OR LATER —

J. OTTMANN LITH. CO. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.

LATER — AND IT LOOKS LIKE "SOONER."

A LETTER HOME.

(From An Incipient M. D.)

DIPLOMA-MILL MEDICAL COLLEGE.

DEAR FATHER:

Your cheering letter, containing proceeds of the sale of the hogs, is at hand, and contents noted with much pleasure. Your thoughtfulness enables me to procure the copy of *Woe Quadis* and the set of major surgical instruments, which I need so much in my practice and studies. If there is any surplus it may procure me the confidence of my landlady for another month or two.

In the six weeks I have been here, I have learned lots about medicine and surgery. After becoming a M. D., one feels quite set apart from the rest of the world. Like belonging to a lodge, you feel that every one would like to know what you know; and yet, how simple it all is! Did you know that the right name for paregoric is, Tinct. Opii. Camphorata? Writing prescriptions is better than knowing Greek. Who that is not a M. D. would ever guess that R. Chlor. Sod. et Aq. a dOct. vel Oct' i. means a pint of salt-and-water?

You will be surprised to hear that us doctors no longer think hypnotism a fraud. We have found that it really has a therapeutic value. That means that it is just as good as medicine. We claim that if you can only get a patient to believe that you can cure him, he will get well. We call it "Suggestive Therapeutics." You just look the patient in the eye and suggest that he is well, and he recovers immediately. But one has to go through our college to be able to do it.

After you know how, you can make your patients believe just whatever you want them to. I am not perfect in it yet, for I tried to make my landlady believe that it was safe to trust me for another month's board, and I failed. The patient must have confidence in the doctor, however, and that is, perhaps, the reason I was not successful.

We have found out that nearly every disease is caused by microbes. We doctors call them "bacilli." Everything you eat and drink, and even the air you breathe is full of them. It is a wonder how people ever lived before they found this out. You must not drink out of the old spring any more. It is full of these germs. Tell the folks to boil everything they drink, or even my skill can not save them. Tell Ma to sprinkle the carpets with carbolic acid, and to wear a sponge soaked in it over her mouth when she sweeps; and don't any of you go into the room for an hour afterward, or you will be in great danger of breathing in germs that will give you some disease.

Don't kiss the baby, for every disease you can think of can be communicated that way. You might put a handkerchief soaked in ammonia over the baby's face, and kiss her through that; but be sure to boil the handkerchief first.

We have discovered over 2,000 kinds of these "bacilli," and every one of them is more dangerous than a rattlesnake. You can't even be sure you are safe after boiling everything, for some of them get livelier the hotter they are.

I don't see why they make us attend college three whole years. I am sure that it won't take me half that long to know all about it. It 's a shame to make us wait so long when we could save so many lives if we were allowed to.

What will old Doctor Lancet do when I come home and get started up? Does he ever say anything about it? I suspect I shall have to let him have the unimportant cases. He can hardly expect people who are really sick to come to a back-number, if an up-to-date physician is at hand.

If any of the folks get sick, telegraph me at once, and I will send a prescription that will straighten them out. And when you write, address your letter to Dr. C. D. Brown, M. D. Don't forget the M. D. Everybody calls me "Doc." now.

Yours,

DR. C. D. BROWN, M. D.

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A NEW SPECIES.

"I wonder what kind of a fish it is?"
"Gee! I 'll bet it 's a corker!"

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A BARE POSSIBILITY.

MAJOR BLUDGOOD.—Do you know where Cap'n Smith got his title, General?

GENERAL HOTSTUFF.—No, Majah, I don't, unless perhaps he got it in the war; I can't imagine a fellow getting so small a title any other way, suh.

HOPE AT LAST.

"Will nothing move you?" he asked, piteously.

"Oh, yes!" she replied, cheerfully; "I have found a truckman who is to come at six o'clock, to-morrow morning—that is, if you can depend on him."

The Harlem husband breathed a sigh of relief.

THE ACCEPTED TIME.

"Pa, can I go to the circus?"

"No, my son; if you 're a good boy, you won't want to go to the circus."

"Then I 'd better go while I 'm bad enough to enjoy it, had n't I?"

BLUE.

When other sons and heirs arrived,
He somewhat sadder grew,—
Vaguely sadder, that is to say,
A sort of a baby-blue.

CHARITY SHOULD begin at home; but not until the housework is done up.

CONCERNING THE JANITOR

COPYRIGHT, 1896, BY KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN

TH' JAN'TER uv our flat —
He knows an awful lot.
He makes it cold ez quick ez scat,
An' then he makes it hot.
Fer when th' steam it does n't go
Er goes too much — why, sir,
My Pa er Ma jus' sen' b'low
An' tell th' jan'ter.

Th' jan'ter uv our flat —
I guess he 's mos' ez tall 's
Pa, an' wears a funny hat,
An' blouse an' ov'ralls.
An' onct I seen 'im kiss our cook —
But, my! I did n't stir
Er tell 'em I wuz there t' look —
Fer he 's th' jan'ter.

Th' jan'ter uv our flat —
He mops th' vest-i bule,
An' makes me use th' rubber mat
When I get home from school.
He 's bossy, too, ez he can be,
But I don't sass 'im, ner
Do things he says I shan't — you see
He is th' jan'ter.

Th' jan'ter uv our flat
Don't haf t' wash his face,
An' sleeps down in th' base-ment, 'at
Is jus' th' dandiest place!
He smokes a pipe, an' runs things, an'
When I get older-er
If I can't be a p'lice-man
I 'll be a jan'ter.

Edwin L. Sabin.

DETERMINED.

HUDDOCK.— Hello! old man. What you got in that haversack?

JADDOCK.—Three days' rations.

HUDDOCK. — And in that canteen?

JADDOCK. — Brandy.

HUDDOCK.— And in the knapsack?

JADDOCK.—Extra clothing, medicines, liniments, bandages, restoratives, blankets, shoes, towels, toilet articles, and so forth.

HUDDOCK.— But where 's your gun?

JADDOCK.—Alas! they won't let me take that.

HUDDOCK.—What! going to Cuba without a gun?

JADDOCK.—Who said anything about Cuba?

HUDDOCK.—Why, I thought the militia had been called out, and you were on your way to the rendezvous?

JADDOCK.— Certainly not.

HUDDOCK.—Well, where on earth are you going, equipped for a campaign like this?

HADDOCK. — Down to Wholeblock's department store to get a bunch of hairpins for my wife. And I 'm going to find the right counter this time if it takes a week.

Alex. Ricketts.

JOURNALISM.

MANAGING EDITOR.— Cuban news come yet?

TELEGRAPH EDITOR.— No; only the denial of it.

APPROPRIATE.

"That submarine boat seems to be a success."

"Yes? I suppose she goes down with flying colors."

WAR COLOR.

"The war ships have been painted a shade of gray."

"It 's a wonder the Jingo papers don't want them painted yellow."

IF SPAIN could have read the last chapter of her colonial history first, some of the others might not have been written.

WOULD LIKE TO KNOW.

"Here is another rumor from China."

"What is it?"

"They say the Emperor has offered a reward of ten thousand taels to anybody who can tell him how he got hoodooed."

MONEY 'S NOT everything, but the things it is n't won't worry you.

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HE EXPLAINS.

ISAACS.— But, if you think der broperty vill double der value in two years, vot for do you vish to sell it?

COHENSTEIN.—Vell, I vos always a kind of a anti-monopolist undt I don't vant to grab everyt'ing.

CHEW
Beeman's
The Original
Pepsin Gum

Cures Indigestion and Sea-sickness.
All Others Are Imitations.

THE CELEBRATED

SOHMER

Heads the List of the Highest-Grade Pianos.

CAUTION.—The buying public will please not confound the genuine SOHMER Piano with one of a similar sounding name of a cheap grade.

Our name spells—

S—O—H—M—E—R

New York Warerooms. SOHMER BUILDING 170 Fifth Ave., Cor. 22d St.

A Safety Revolver

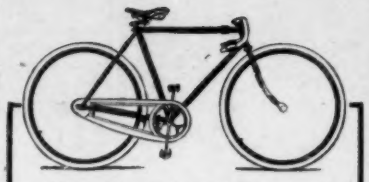
will ONLY GO OFF at the critical moment.

A powerful Shooting Weapon; 32 calibre. Very short barrel. Therefore specially desirable for **bicyclists**, as it may be carried in the pocket without inconvenience. Descriptive catalogue free.

SMITH & WESSON,

8 Stockbridge Street, Springfield, Mass.

WE hate to see a man carry his small change in a pocket-book.—*Yonkers Statesman.*



The DAINTIEST, JAUNTIEST, most stylish little wheel of the year is the No. 26

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BICYCLE.

PRICE—$60

or if fitted with a practical, noiseless, unobtrusive RAMBLER GEAR CASE (enclosed chain model) $5 additional is charged.

People of refinement who purchase Ramblers are assured of three satisfactory things concerning their mount, viz:

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Rambler Agencies Everywhere.

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Chicago, Boston, Washington, New York, Brooklyn, Detroit, Cincinnati, Buffalo, Cleveland, London.

The United States Government Chemists in a careful examination of the leading Malt Extracts of the world, found Pabst Malt Extract, The "Best" Tonic to be the ONLY Malt Extract absolutely Pure and Perfect.

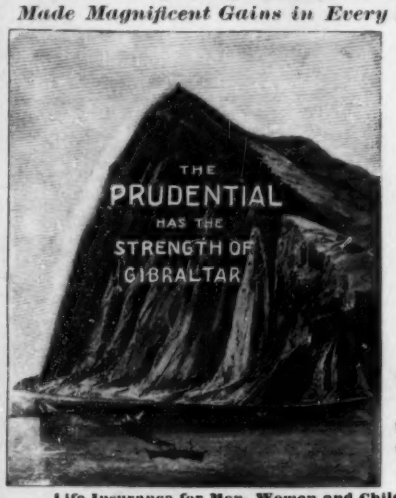
The name PABST on every cork. At Druggists.

Pabst Malt Extract

The "Best" Tonic

THE PRUDENTIAL IN 1897

Made Magnificent Gains in Every Department of its Business



Assets Increased to
$23,984,569.72

Income Increased to
$15,580,764.65

Surplus Increased to
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Insurance in Force Increased to
$363,117,590.00

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Life Insurance for Men, Women and Children. Amounts, $50.000-$15. Premiums payable Yearly, Half-Yearly, Quarterly, or Weekly. Write for Particulars.

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JOHN F. DRYDEN, President. Home Office: NEWARK, N. J.

THERE is probably less sincerity manifested at an amateur musicale than upon any other social occasion known in the civilized world.—*Atchison Globe.*

All the skill, knowledge and resources of our great factories are this year concentrated into making one matchless model—the

Waverley Bicycle $50

It is well worth your while to study the Waverley Catalogue.

INDIANA BICYCLE COMPANY
Indianapolis, Ind.

HENRY LINDENMEYR & SONS,

PAPER WAREHOUSE,

32, 34 and 36 Bleecker Street, BRANCH WAREHOUSE: 20 Beekman Street, } NEW YORK.
All kinds of Paper made to order.

IF we understand it aright, the instalment plan of purchasing means a dollar down and a dollar whenever you fail to dodge the collector.—*Roxbury Gazette.*

The Club Cocktails

MANHATTAN, MARTINI, WHISKEY, HOLLAND GIN, TOM GIN, VERMOUTH, AND YORK.

A COCKTAIL MUST BE COLD TO BE GOOD; TO SERVE IN PERFECT CONDITION, POUR OVER CRACKED ICE, (NOT SHAVEN) STIR AND STRAIN OFF.

G.F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., SOLE PROPRIETORS, 39 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, HARTFORD, CONN. AND 20 PICCADILLY W., LONDON, ENGLAND.

CANDY Send $1.25, $2.10, or $3.50 for a superb box of candy by express, *prepaid* east of Denver or west of New York. Suitable for presents. Sample orders solicited. Address,

C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner,
212 State St., Chicago.

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THE CHAMPION SPEAKS.

THE TERRIER.—I am the manager of the French Bull Dog, three spaces down, and I bring you his challenge for a finish fight.

SCRAPPY DAN.—Ah, g'wan! He's not in my class. Tell him to get a reputation.

"PROTECTION" SOAP.—What is it?— ASK YOUR DRUGGIST OR BARBER. | WILLARD CHEMICAL CO., MALDEN, MASS.

A GERMICIDE FOR MEN AND WOMEN, AN ABSOLUTE CURE FOR PILES, ECZEMA AND ALL SKIN TROUBLES. SEND FOR CIRCULARS.

Do not let the clerk sell you any other camera under the name of "Kodak."

There is no

Kodak

but the Eastman Kodak.

$5.00 to $25.00.

Catalogues free at Kodak agencies or by mail.

EASTMAN KODAK CO.
Rochester, N. Y.

The Favorite.

As a specialty of Cafe and Club Stocks of fine supplies

Hunter Baltimore Rye

Is the Favorite.

The Purest Type of the Purest Whiskey.

VAN BIBBER CIGARETTES OR LITTLE CIGARS.
ALL IMPORTED TOBACCO.
HIGHEST IN PRICE, FINEST IN QUALITY.
25c. a Bundle, 10 in Bundle.
Trial Package in Pouch by mail for **25c.**
H. ELLIS & CO., Baltimore, Md.
THE AMERICAN TOBACCO CO., Successor.

Advice to Consumptives

There are three great remedies that every person with weak lungs, or with consumption itself, should understand.

These remedies will cure about every case in its first stages; and many of those more advanced. It is only the most advanced that are hopeless. Even these are wonderfully relieved and life itself greatly prolonged.

What are these remedies? Fresh air, proper food and

Scott's Emulsion

of *Cod-Liver Oil with Hypophosphites.* Be afraid of draughts but not of fresh air. Eat nutritious food and drink plenty of milk. Do not forget that Scott's Emulsion is the oldest, the most thoroughly tested and the highest endorsed of all remedies for weak throats, weak lungs and consumption in all its stages.

50c. and $1.00; all druggists.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York.

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HE WANTED TO KNOW.

MRS. MCLUBBERTY.—Here 's some pills, Murty, thot Mrs. Hogan was afther sindin' over for yez She says dhey 'll aither kill or cure yez.

MCLUBBERTY (*who is ill*).—Begorra, did she say which dhey would do foorst?

Our Price is the Highest.

Perry PNEUMATIC BICYCLE SADDLES sell for from **$1 to $2** more than other saddles. They cost the difference to make and are worth it. Send for "Saddle Philosophy," and have it proven to you. No matter what saddle you are riding, we want you to ride the **"Perry"** for two weeks. **It won't cost you a cent,** and you needn't buy the saddle unless you feel that you can't get along without it. Send us $4, giving us an idea whether you are small, medium or large, and we will send saddle prepaid, and after **two weeks' trial** if you are dissatisfied return the saddle, and we will **refund the money.**

HARRIS TOY CO., Dept. D. Toledo, Ohio.

DEER PARK HOTEL.

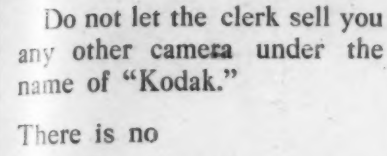
"ON THE CREST OF THE ALLEGHENIES"

DEER PARK, MARYLAND.

Several desirable cottages FOR RENT for the coming season; ready for occupancy from June 1st. These cottages are equipped for housekeeping; or, if preferred, meals can be taken at hotel.

Most desirable location in the Mountains. On line of B. & O. R. R. For terms and full information, address

D. C. JONES, Manager.
B. & O. Building. BALTIMORE, Md.



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Seats 8, speed 6 miles, costs to run 1½c. per hour. Guaranteed for one year or money refunded. PRICE, $200. Send 10c. for large catalogue of Steam and Sail Yachts, Launches, etc., in steel, wood and aluminum.

RACINE BOAT MFG. CO., Lakeview, Racine, Wis.

RESOURCEFUL.

"General," said the excited officer, "the insurgents have cut off our retreat on the south and east."

"Then we 'll go west."

"But they have been for a long time lying in wait for us in the west and north."

"Is there no loophole?"

"None! What shall we do?"

"Offer them autonomy."—*Washington Star.*

Gold Seal Champagne

Natural Sparkling

THE FINEST PRODUCED IN AMERICA

Also Sweet, Dry Catawba and Port Wines

For sale by All Leading Wine Dealers and Grocers

Urbana Wine Co.
Urbana, N. Y.

CRIMSONBEAK.—There is one thing for which mankind, I think, deserves credit.

YEAST.—What might that be?

"When you think of all the liars we have, there has never been one who claimed positively that he had seen the North Pole."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

SOME guns kick: revenge is one of them. *Ram's Horn.*

Your father made cocktails with Abbott's Angostura Bitters. You make them now. The Bitters are the same. Druggists. Grocers.

PATRONIZE AMERICAN INDUSTRIES
WEAR KNOX'S HATS
MADE BY AMERICAN LABOR

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SEN-SEN
THROAT EASE
BREATH PERFUME
ALL DEALERS
SENT ON RECEIPT OF 5c IN STAMPS
SEN-SEN CO. DEPT. P. ROCHESTER N.Y.

STANDARD PRICES

CRESCENT BICYCLES

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More of them sold than any other. There must be a good reason for this when the same condition prevails every year—they must have merit.

They meet every requirement—price, value, weight, size, sex.

Price and Quality Guaranteed.

Art Catalogue with "Care of the Wheel" FREE.

WESTERN WHEEL WORKS
CHICAGO Makers NEW YORK

DO YOU BIKE

THE Keeley Cure

Alcohol, Opium, Tobacco Using

Produce each a disease having definite pathology. The disease yields easily to the Double Chloride of Gold Treatment as administered at the **KEELEY Institute, White Plains, N. Y.**, or **358 Niagara St., Buffalo, N. Y.** Communications confidential. Write for particulars.

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METAL POLISH—Sure, Quick, Easy. Gives a brilliant, durable lustre; never spoils; guaranteed pound box 25c. at dealers. G. W. Hoffman, Mnfr., Indianapolis, Ind.

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IS BOTTLED IN BOND UNDER DIRECT SUPERVISION OF THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT, GUARANTEEING THE AGE AND ABSOLUTE PURITY, AS CERTIFIED BY THE GOVERNMENT STAMP ON EACH BOTTLE. MAKES ADULTERATION IMPOSSIBLE. IT IS OBTAINABLE FROM ALL RELIABLE DEALERS WHEREVER THE BEST WHISKIES ARE SOLD. IF NOT AT YOUR DEALER'S, WRITE TO US.

R. F. BALKE & CO.,
DISTILLERS AND BOTTLERS IN BOND. Louisville, Kentucky, U.S.A.

WHEN people listen attentively to a story of a man's wrongs, it indicates that they are wondering what the other side of the story sounds like. — *Atchison Globe.*

HUMAN nature is about as sure to crop out in a collection as it is in a horse trade.—*Ram's Horn.*

A BLISSFUL SUPPOSITION.

"Mistuh Pinkley," said Miss Miami Brown, "does you know whut a bird of Paradise is?"

"Well," was the reply, "of co'se I does n't know foh sure. But when I gits ter de nex' worl' I would n' be a bit supprize' to discuvah dat it was a Spring chicken."—*Washington Star.*

BOOT JACK PLUG TOBACCO

COSTLIEST BECAUSE BEST

BOOT JACK: Professional men finding it desirable to use chewing tobacco moderately are requested to try this brand. It is a gentleman's luxury.

For the return of 36 silver paper strips from 5 cent cuts of Boot Jack, we will send to any address free of charge a handsome aluminum pocket case for tobacco.

JOHN FINZER & BROS., Manufacturers
Louisville, Ky.

LOOKING AHEAD.

TOMMY.—I got to go to work in a noffice nex' week, an' you bet I 'm goin' to lay in a couple o' boxes o' dat PEARLINE!

BILLY.—G' wan! What good 'll dat do ye?

TOMMY.—Ah! did n't I hear me mudder say yistiday dat it was de greates' stuff in de worl' to save work!

Ball-Pointed Pens

Luxurious Writing!

(H. HEWITT'S PATENT.)

Suitable for writing in every position; glide over any paper; never scratch nor spurt.

Made of the finest Sheffield rolled steel, BALL-POINTED pens are *more durable* and are ahead of all others

FOR EASY WRITING.

***$1.20** per box of **1** gross. Assorted sample box of **24** pens for **25 cts.**, post free from all stationers, or wholesale of*

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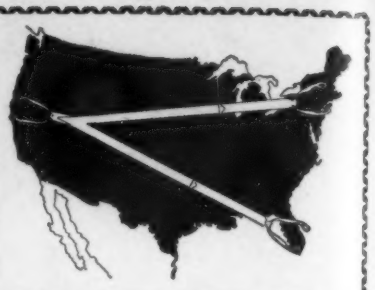

ALL OVER THE U. S.

Endwell Braces

are attaching gentlemen to their trousers, with elegance and ease.

NON-ELASTIC, YET PERFECTLY ELASTIC.

A Paradox? Just investigate the "graduated" cord ends.

Ask your furnisher for the "Endwell," or send 50c. for a sample pair postpaid. Cheaper model, the "C.-S.-C." for 25c. Scarf fastener free, for your furnisher's name if he does not keep "Endwell Braces."

CHESTER SUSPENDER CO.,
No. 4 Decatur Ave., Roxbury Crossing, Mass.

The Proper Scarves

FOR WELL DRESSED MEN

MADE BY
W. O. HORN & BRO., NEW YORK
To be had at all first-class retailers.

The reputation attained by our famous clocks and watches finds the same degree of perfection in our world renowned cycles.
Our '98 Men's and Women's models are worthy of their praises.

HOWARD CYCLES THE WORLD'S BEST

Made by THE E. HOWARD WATCH & CLOCK CO.
BOSTON ---- NEW YORK.

Art Booklet FREE.

BILL.—How long was your friend, the artist, working on that canvas?

JILL.—Eight years. Took him six months to paint it and seven years and a half trying to sell it.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

The best regulator of the digestive organs and the best appetizer known, is *Dr. Siegert's* Angostura Bitters. Try it.

FOR GOUT & RHEUMATISM

Use the Great English Remedy

BLAIR'S PILLS

Safe, Sure, Effective. 50c. & $1

DRUGGISTS, or 224 William St., N. Y.

Every Yachtsman

may have his favorite bottle with him always by ordering a supply of

Evans' Ale

and can rest content that neither tide, wind or waves can disturb his pleasure. It is the

Only Ale Always Ready

for use, and the only ale entirely *free from sediment.*

Any dealer will supply it.

AGENTS WANTED

MURAT HALSTEAD'S GREAT CUBA BOOK. All about Cuba; Spain; Maine Disaster; and War; great excitement; everyone buys it; one agent sold 87 in one day; another made $13.00 in one hour. 600 pages; magnificent illustrations; photographs, etc.; low price; we guarantee the most liberal terms; freight paid; 20 days credit; outfit free; send 10 two-cent stamps to pay postage.
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DRINKING never hurt a stingy man. — *Atchison Globe.*

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THE NEW MODELS
of the
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Standard Typewriter.

The Always-Best Typewriter made better yet.

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327 Broadway, New York

BOKER'S BITTERS

An appetizer, promotes digestion, cures dyspepsia, and delicious in drinks.

UNWARRANTED DISTRUST.

FIRST OFFICE BOY.—De old chap I work fer is de most suspicious old codger I ever seen.
SECOND OFFICE BOY (*who has dropped in*).—Is he?
FIRST OFFICE BOY.—Yes; I've been here t'ree weeks, an' he never gave me de combinaion of de safe.

OFFICIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

OF THE
AWARD ON **GILLOTT'S PENS**
AT THE
CHICAGO EXPOSITION.

AWARD: "For excellence of steel used in their manufacture, it being fine grained and elastic; superior workmanship, especially shown by the careful grinding which leaves the pens free from defects. The tempering is excellent and the action of the finished pens perfect."

Approved: JOHN BOYD THACHER,
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BRASS BAND

Instruments, Drums Uniforms, Equipments for Bands and Drum Corps. Lowest prices ever quoted. Fine Catalog, 400 Illustrations, *mailed free;* it gives Band Music & Instructions for Amateur Bands.
LYON & HEALY, 31 Adams St., Chicago.

Arnold Constable & Co.

Men's Wear.

Riding and Driving Gloves,
Fancy Half Hose,
Dress Shirts, Pajamas, Neck Wear.

Martin's Umbrellas.

Broadway & 19th st.

NEW YORK.

AN INTERESTING MEETING.

"What did you discuss at the club to-day?"
"Nothing. We just talked."—*Harper's Bazar.*

SHIPPED ON APPROVAL

without a cent payment. Swell '98 Bicycles, $14 to $57.50. 12,000 on hand for spring trade. 600 SHOPWORN and used wheels, $8 to $12. BICYCLE FREE for the season to agents; write for particulars. EARN A BICYCLE and make money by a little work in your locality. *Special proposition to early applicants.* WE OFFER THIS WEEK—100 New '97 Boys' and Girls' Wheels, M. & W. Tires, $9.75 each. Art Catalogue and Information free.
G. E. MEAD & PRENTISS, Chicago.

OUR idea of a good time is to see an elocutionist who thinks she can work the goose-flesh on an audience, forget her lines and break down. — *Atchison Globe.*

Dry Champagnes are all the rage; those who prefer them should try *Cook's Imperial.* It's extra dry and very fruity.

This Business Advertises Itself.

One of the unique features of the New York Central's "Lake Shore Limited" is the fact that it advertises itself.

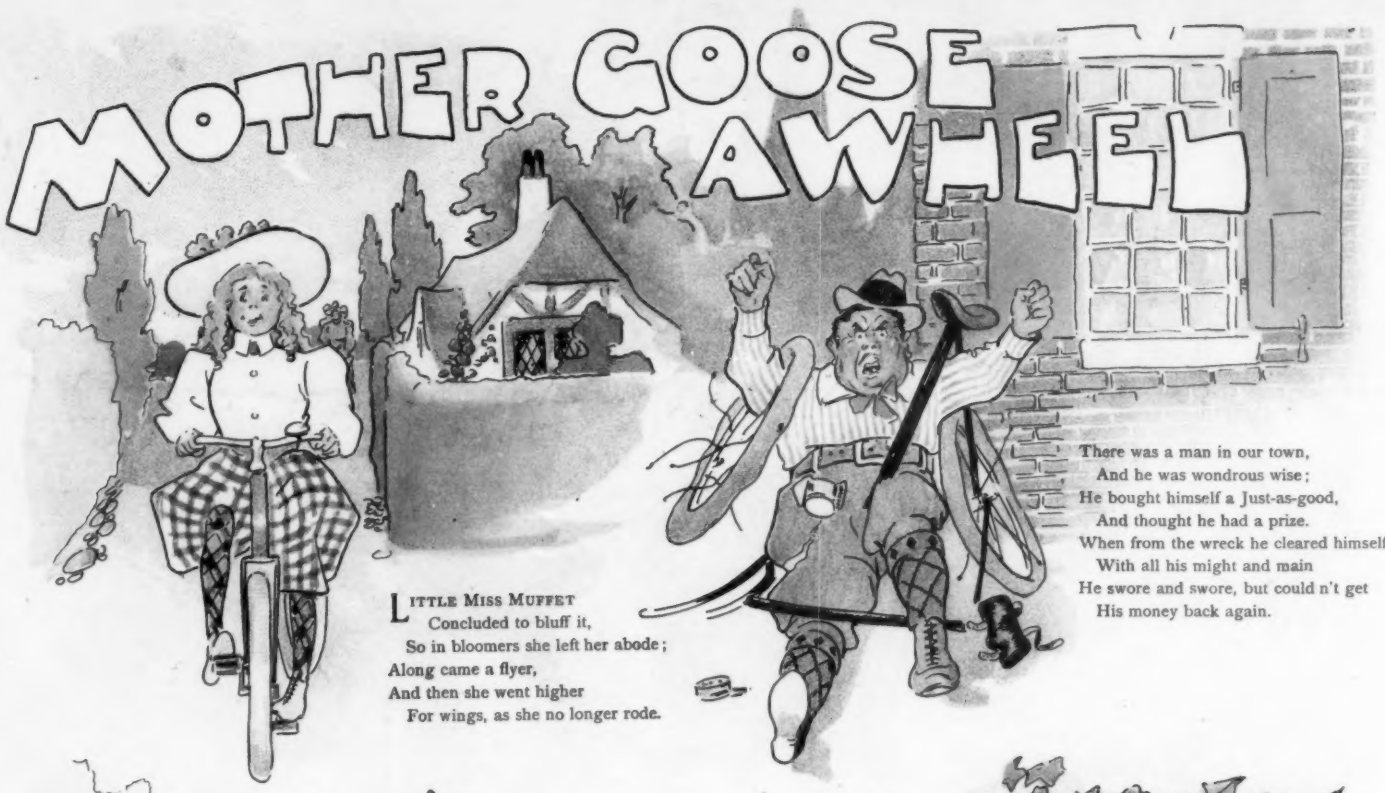
The magnificence of the service and completeness of detail makes every patron an advertiser of its merits.

It is estimated that every person who travels by this train brings at least a dozen new patrons.

"The Lake Shore Limited" leaves Grand Central Station, New York, every afternoon at 5.00, and arrives Chicago, via Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Railway the next afternoon at 4.00.

Returning, leaves Chicago 5.30 P. M. each day, arrives New York 6.30 next afternoon.

MOTHER GOOSE AWHEEL



LITTLE MISS MUFFET
Concluded to bluff it,
So in bloomers she left her abode;
Along came a flyer,
And then she went higher
For wings, as she no longer rode.

There was a man in our town,
And he was wondrous wise;
He bought himself a Just-as-good,
And thought he had a prize.
When from the wreck he cleared himself,
With all his might and main
He swore and swore, but could n't get
His money back again.

To market, to market,
And dodge a road hog;
In the ditch, over ruts,
Jog-ety-jog.

Little Jack Scorcher
Sat on a porch a-
Swearing at his punctured tire;
Then he put in a plug
Snug 's a bug in a rug,
And once more the road set on fire.

The Queen of Hearts,
She made some starts,
But could n't get away;
And those who laughed,
She called upstarts,
And thought what she dare n't say.

Little Bo Peep,
She lost no sleep
O'er any high-geared tandem;
She let 'em alone
To pedal her home,
Then gave 'em a drink and fanned 'em.

Wood Levette Wilson.

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